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[For the Monitor.]

YOUTH THE MORAL CRISIS OF LIFE.

MUCH has been said and written concerning the important season of youth. This period of life is generally considered highly valuable in relation to future prosperity and usefulness. To one who is to devote his life to literary pursuits, this season is precious. Here his faculties begin to be developed—here his intellectual character begins to assume its complexion—and here those habits of mind which will distinguish him as an individual, are beginning to form. It is also an interesting season to one who is destined to a more active employment. If he ever acquire a thorough and systematic acquaintance with his business, this acquaintance must be commenced in youth.

But this period of life acquires an increased degree of interest when considered in reference to the formation of the moral character. Although no discipline can *change the moral taste*, still much may be done preparatory to it; and much which will render the person a more proper object of esteem, and more worthy of confidence. The passions are now ardent, the heart susceptible, and the mind inquisitive. Principles of action are easily adopted, and principles of faith easily embraced. That thorough investigation which is the characteristic of maturer years, is not uncommonly a stranger to youth. The force of example is often adequate to allure the unwary youth into a course, which issues in moral death. Much is dependent upon the character and conduct of those with whom are entrusted

the important interests of the young. Their example, their counsel, and their practice, exert a powerful influence upon one at this period of life. The murderer, who expires upon the scaffold of justice, doubtless began his ruinous course when young. He first thought *crime* and *guilt* to be matters of no moment; and thus he advanced in his career of impiety, until he became unworthy of life. There are many eminent men who are able to recollect what particular incidents and circumstances that occurred in their youthful days, combined to give a turn to their thoughts and a complexion to their character. A regard for the duties and institutions of religion ought early to be imprinted upon the mind. Sentiments of virtue and benevolence should always be cherished in the youthful breast. If the mind of the young is taught to esteem the difference between virtue and vice of little or no consequence, the practice and course of life in succeeding years, will fully disclose the pernicious effects of embracing such a sentiment. Let the youth who desires to gain the approbation of the virtuous, who desires to possess a source of solid enjoyment in future life, who desires to promote the welfare of man, and obtain "a crown of glory that fadeth not away," embrace the present season to mould his temper and form his character according to the unerring standard of truth, and the requirements of the *Gospel*. T. P. J.

[For the Monitor.]

INSTINCT.

INSTINCT is a principle of action which operates prior to instruction and independent of experience. Not only in the animal creation, over which man exercises dominion, but in the human race also, is this principle found to exist. The actions of every individual display some of its operations. It appears in the infant, and indeed exercises a more extensive sway over its actions than it does over the conduct of those of maturer years. Its power is felt in youth—its influence is not lost in

manhood—nor will it cease to operate while the mind animates our material frame.

With but little observation, we shall not fail to discover some of the important purposes which it answers. How can the new born infant receive its first nourishment? Neither instructed by its nurse nor influenced by habit, it obtains its food with the utmost ease and readiness. This is the power of instinct. How can we so readily and almost unintentionally close the eyelid, when that tender organ is in danger? It is by instinct. And there are numerous instances, which are continually occurring, that illustrate the principle of instinct in a manner both curious and convincing.

T. P. J.

ESSAY,....NO. VII.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father, which art in Heaven; hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven.

MAN needs precept upon precept, and line upon line, respecting the duties of religion. Not only must he be told in general terms, that men ought to pray every where lifting up *holy* hands; but he needs particular directions how to pray aright. Thanks be to God, that there is a throne of grace, where sinners may have audience through a Mediator. Thanks be to God, that our Divine Teacher has given us *specific* instructions respecting the duty of prayer. Let us devoutly attend to those he has given us.

“After this manner therefore pray ye.” The word “therefore” refers to previous directions given by Christ to his disciples. In them he had just forbidden the vain repetitions in prayer which characterized the prayers of the Jews in those days. They often vociferated the same exclamations again and again. While their prayers were tedious for their length, they were limited to but a few ideas. In the Lord's prayer an opposite course is both enjoined and exemplified. Thus men are taught

both by precept and example to have their prayers short, but comprehensive. Conciseness in prayer, is, on another occasion, recommended by the consideration that we are not heard for our much speaking. Since our Heavenly Father knows what we need before we ask, the object of prayer is never to acquaint him with our necessities or desires; but to arouse the dormant energies of our own minds, to elevate the languid affections of our hearts, and to obey divine precepts. Those prayers therefore best answer the design of prayer which are adapted to excite and increase devout affections in the soul. Where the ideas are most important and the spirit most fervent, there is least danger of prayer's being protracted to an unprofitable length.

Besides, "*after this manner pray ye,*" teaches that, on the one hand set forms of prayer are not sinful, and on the other hand, that they are not commanded. On this subject many prejudices have existed. Some appear to feel that prayer cannot be offered aright to God, if a precomposed form is used. Such feelings are doubtless wrong. For where the words used are adapted to the circumstances under which the prayer is offered, and the hearts of the worshippers ascend in the expressed desires, Jehovah will accept them. Another Evangelist introduces the Lord's prayer with this language: "When ye pray *say* our Father," &c. Though we believe this was not designed to require a repetition of that prayer, whenever prayer is offered, much less to confine us exclusively to those words, it does prove that forms of prayer are not to be indiscriminately condemned. At the commencement of social worship in families and in schools, it may sometimes be both suitable and profitable for precomposed forms to be used, though they ought not to be continued when the gifts and the confidence of those whose duty it is to lead, render them no longer necessary.

Some advantages attend forms of prayer, for public worship, though they are perhaps more than counterbalanced by disadvantages almost necessarily connected with them. And we have Christ's example for using in private prayer the same words more than once or twice.

In Gethsemane he did this. Thus we may discover the impropriety of our condemning forms of prayer. But on the other hand, we ought to guard against the prejudices often felt respecting extemporaneous prayer. All the prayers of our blessed Saviour recorded in the page of Inspiration, except two in the garden, were extemporaneous, and adapted to the particular circumstances under which they were offered. The first in the garden must have been extempore, and in its repetition it was equally suitable, because equally appropriate. When the heart is warmed and elevated with right desires and affections, it will perhaps be more expanded and refreshed by spontaneous effusions of the soul, than from the most able and devotional forms of prayer. For this reason we may discover the wisdom of our great Teacher, that instead of saying, confine yourselves to set forms of prayer, he has directed, "After this manner therefore pray ye : Our Father, which art in Heaven."

Here we have the language of dependence and of filial confidence at once put into our lips. When we call God our Father, we are reminded that we derived our existence from him. The plural epithet recognizes the whole intelligent universe as the created offspring of the same parent. "Have we not all one Father? Hath not one God created us?" The bountiful provision of God as our Father, extends to all men living. They have all been nourished and brought up as children. The phrase "Our Father," well becomes the lips of dependent intelligences, who have derived their life, their sustenance, and ten thousand temporal blessings, from the hand of God. He has extended to us all more than a father's care. He has bestowed a thousand fold of parental kindness upon us.

To these truths we should be habitually alive; and particularly so when drawing near to God in prayer; then while we say "OUR Father," let us feel ourselves social beings, deriving unnumbered mercies from one common source, and in duty bound to love and to feel for others as those who love their neighbours as themselves. "OUR FATHER," should remind us that we owe him filial affection, confidence, and obedience. How much love the child owes to parents for that ocean of

love in their hearts, whose numberless and copious streams of kindness have flowed around him. All these demand confidence in the parent, that according to his wisdom and ability he will satisfy every reasonable desire. And the father's will is to be esteemed law before the child is capable of being governed by higher authority.

But what ardour of affection can equal the creature's obligations to the Father of our spirits. What unlimited and uninterrupted confidence in his providence and grace should his past dealings with us inspire. He will do all things well, should be the unshaken confidence of our souls. Such a confidence would propel us forward in the path of duty and of obedience, leaving with God the consequences, and expecting from him all needful supplies. Such filial deportment would prove us the children of God by adoption. We should be able to look up with the eye of faith to a covenant God, and lift to him the sweet accents of ABBA, FATHER. How interesting the thought that rebel worms may, through the atonement and intercessions of Christ, become the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Christians may all say of the Father of lights, with the Apostle James; "Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first fruits of his creatures." The truly pious are therefore the children of God, in a higher and more endearing sense than others; they have received the spirit of adoption; they are born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.

When we pray "Our Father, which art in Heaven," we are to view him as dwelling in light inaccessible and full of glory. Though Jehovah fills immensity with his presence, yet the manifestations of himself are peculiarly and preeminently glorious in Heaven. There too his train filleth the temple. Cherubim and seraphim, with the spirits of just men made perfect, constantly ascribe holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty.

Presently all the redeemed will be there as their home, and engaged in the same sublime worship as their everlasting employment. There is the portion of God's

people. "Our Father, which art in Heaven," should ever remind us that Heaven is the peculiar residence of the Father of our spirits, of the Redeemer of our souls, of all holy angels, and will be our portion hereafter, if we hunger and thirst after righteousness.—And for this temper we are encouraged to pray in the first petition of the Lord's prayer, "HALLOWED BE THY NAME." In this language we desire that God would enable us to hallow his name by all the works of our hands; that we may live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world; that we may bring forth fruit to the praise of the glory of his grace. In this language we also pray that in the words of our lips, and in the thoughts of our hearts, the name of God may be revered and treated as holy. We thus pray, that every thing in which God manifests himself to his creatures, may be subservient to his declarative glory. The preeminence of God's glory should ever be viewed as of infinite importance. And it should be the desire of our hearts in every prayer, that ourselves and all others, whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, we may do all to the glory of God. And if this be the desire of our hearts, they will rejoice in the spread of the glorious gospel, and in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom in the world. For when the Lord appears to build up Zion, he appears in his glory.

But this directly leads to the second petition, "THY KINGDOM COME." Here we pray that the kingdoms of this world may all become the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; that the kingdom of Satan may be destroyed, and the dominions of Christ extend to every nation, and be acknowledged in every family and every heart on earth. We express the desire that the kingdom of God's providence may sustain and supply all creatures whose eyes wait on him for their daily portions; that the kingdom of grace may refine us and others from all our pollutions of the flesh and spirit, and enable us to perfect holiness in the fear of God. Thus we might be in a waiting posture to behold the kingdom of grace extended, and more especially to meet with power and triumph the kingdom of glory, where the righteous will reign with Christ forever and ever.

When we pray that the kingdom of God may come, we professedly resign our whole souls to the dominion of God, to have him dispossess from them all his enemies, and destroy every vestige of Satan's kingdom within us. We professedly devote all we are and all we possess to the advancement of the kingdom of grace in the world. And it is utterly inconsistent with the spirit of this petition in the Lord's prayer, for us to withhold our property, our labours, or our prayers in the good work of promoting the universal diffusion of the gospel of the kingdom, and seeking that all our race may, by grace, be prepared for eternal glory.

In the third petition, "THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN," we are taught to pray for resignation to the providential will of God, and obedience to his preceptive will.

It is alike a dictate of reason and of revelation, that Jehovah has high and holy purposes by which he rules in the armies of Heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth. This is called doing his will. And the Apostle Paul declares, that God worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. In this sense of the phrase, will of God, as used in the scriptures, submission and resignation are the duty of men. In every purpose of God he has wise and holy ends to be answered. We ought never to distrust the government of God. But unsanctified nature is ever prone to repine at those providences of God which interfere with worldly plans or with self-love. We should pray that the providential will of God may be done towards us and in our world without resistance on the part of creatures; that every heart may respond to the language of pious Eli, when painful visitations were before him: "It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good." And since the carnal mind is enmity against God, not subject to his law, neither indeed can it be, we pray in the third petition that God would take away our evil hearts of unbelief, which incline us to depart from the living God, and give us hearts of holy submission and obedience. For when we pray "thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven," we particularly desire that we may be obe-

dient to the preceptive will of God. This is the rule of duty for creatures. The PURPOSES of God are the rule of HIS conduct; his *commandments* are the rule of *ours*. He is worthy that every precept of his should receive cheerful and perfect obedience; that all on earth should unhesitatingly obey him as the host of Heaven do. There when the high behests of Jehovah are known, every heart and motion are quick as lightning to do his will. In this petition we pray that we may be entirely conformed to every *one* precept of God's law without exception or reserve; and that we may cordially approve that way of salvation which God has provided for fallen men. We then pray that the preceptive will of God may be universally done on earth; that there may be a knowledge of this will diffused throughout the earth, and grace given to produce universal obedience; and to crown all, we should desire that there never may be any interruption to this obedience; that no declension from that will be ever known among those who are the proper subjects of prayer.

[For the Monitor.]

AN INDIAN TALE.

It was the fourth hour of the evening. The sun had gone to rest in the great ocean. During that whole day his face had not been hidden by a single cloud. At this the Indians were surprized, for the extreme sultriness of the weather and the bird's prophetic invocation had promised, that the great Spirit was about to remember the parched cornfields of his children. The last gleamings of twilight splendour were still visible, when something dark appeared to rise above the summit of the western mountain. All was silent in the Indian village Mahony. The scream of a sleepless panther had died away on the hills. Struck by the unusual silence, or awed by some instinctive apprehension, the wild beasts were in their coverts. The trees of the forest stood upright. The topmost foliage gave not a sign of motion. Afar off, the waters of the Yalo-Busha were

heard gently murmuring over a rocky bed, or gurgling down a little cataract. The storm in all its blackness was now rapidly nearing. The thunder's dread voice, and the terrific blaze of heaven's fire made many an Indian's soul quake within him. But there was one in that village through whose bosom went emotions intense—indescribable: the grandeur, the solemnity of the inimitable scene calmed not her agonized spirit. Every howl of the angry tempest,—every glow of the scathed forest-tree threw a deeper gloominess on her anticipations, and told in accents of despair, that her friends—her all were in the extremity of peril. Perhaps, the power of a woman's affections, the yearnings of maternal tenderness are never felt, with such vital warmth as when a child is exposed to the fury of a tempest. Count the horrors of a drear lonesomeness: remember the impassioned love for an *only* child, the absence of an affectionate husband; remove every lenitive cheering the Christian's heart in the day of rebuke, and then there will be a faint picture of those bitter forebodings experienced by this Indian female. Very soon the rain fell in such unvarying and impetuous streams, that it seemed as if desolation's finger would be left alone to mark the ravages. Convulsed and maddened by fiercely driven winds, the Yalo-Busha's current rose and widened and hastened onward with fearful velocity. Over these disturbed waters and a low prairie ground, which the swellings of the Yalo-Busha very often inundated, lay the path of the Indian and his daughter.

The little girl, a sweet youth of ten years, for twenty moons, had been an inmate of a mission family. There her playful sprightliness had not wasted its strength in roaming the woods, or watching the success of the savage's fish-line. There her beautifully coloured eyes had been directed to other objects than the tomahawk's crimson edge, or the bloody mementos of relentless warfare. On that consecrated spot, her young bosom first panted for the delights of civilized society, first reciprocated with the smile of affection, the tenderness of the white lady's instruction. Above all, she was there

taught, that her soul would live, after the ray of sunlight had ceased to play in the waters of her father's land. When told of the kindness of a Saviour, penitential tears stood in her eye—silent evidence, that a child, born in the depths of Mississippi's wilds, would become a sparkling gem in the crown of imperishable glory.

After having given proofs of extraordinary mental ability, and a most winning sweetness of disposition, her father, a chief of considerable rank, arrived at the mission house, for the purpose of taking his daughter home on a visit. She manifested much pleasure at seeing him, gave a feeling adieu to her associates and instructors, and accompanied her father towards the setting sun. The greater part of their journey was through a thickly wooded forest, pervious only to the savage.

The awful commingling of light and shade, the lonely ray ever and anon revealing the mouldered leaf or the shadowed evergreen, the pensive echo from the note of the wood-land bird, and the purling streamlet displaying on its surface the fallen beauties of a hundred different trees—all these disclose one source, whence the son of nature has drawn the wildness of his charming descriptions. Here, my Narowna, said the enraptured Indian, was the hunting ground of your fathers. Here was the nimble deer struck by the flying arrows of the red hunter. Under these shades was the bloody hatchet buried, and the smoke of the pipe of peace told the good Spirit, that his children were happy. But the sun has drowned those days in the deep ocean. Never more will these high trees carry up to the land of souls the song of triumph. The white men are driving the Indians far beyond the river of the west. My father, said Narowna, her little eyes kindling into more than mortal brightness, the star of peace is rising on our land. Oh praise the great Spirit, the white men are not all enemies of the Indians. A journey of many moons, through the woods, and over the rivers, the good missionaries are come to teach us the way of life. In their talk to us, they said that Jesus Christ a great many moons ago came down from the country of the blessed to take

away the thorns and briars from the path of the warrior. He brought into this world the book of truth. In that book there is much talk about heaven—a glorious place, where all men, who have repented of their sins and believed in the Saviour, will go as soon as their bodies are cold and dead. Hark! the voice of the great Father.

The thunder, more and more audible, now seemed to rock the very ground. The darkness, as they emerged from the thick wood to the prairie, was scarcely less appalling, for the cloud was rolling its black front over the whole sky.

Many of the tender affections of our nature are possessed in all their warmth by the Indian. He traverses the lone forest, and as he wraps himself at night with his blanket, he remembers his home, and implores the good Spirit to protect his family. When lifting the bloody tomahawk over the children of his enemy, he thinks of his own little son, and the warm feeling at his heart stays the blow. Though he has been doomed to walk in a path, where the light is as the shadow of death, though ferocity has been his watch-word in the hour of battle, and revenge has lighted within him its raging fires, yet how pleasant is the reflection, that the Indian's heart is no stranger to the sensibilities of our nature. As it respects our hopes for the future, how consoling is the fact, that our western Indians are not at all familiar with that brutality and cannibalism which appear to be the chief delight of some savage nations, and which have almost withered in their bosom every feeling of humanity.

The Indian chief felt how strong is a father's love, as he clasped his Narowna to his bosom, and pursued his way over the prairie. A darkness, which might be felt, enveloped them, save when the lurid glare of the lightning for a moment revealed the horrors of their situation. The waters were fast rising around them, and roaring before them, yet still the Indian resolutely moved forward, for despair was gathering its energies to assist him. "The thoughts of home rushed on his nerves and called their vigour forth." The dear ob-

ject who was clinging to him with all the tenacity produced by the impulse of affection and the dread of danger, put an unwonted vigour into his limbs—a vigour which did not desert him amid the fast thickening desolations. At length, they found their canoe which had been moored to a tree. They were for a while carried down by the swift current of the Yalo-Basha, but at last succeeded in reaching the shore. Placing their feet on firm land, they adored that mighty Spirit who rides on the whirlwind. They thanked that omnipotent Spirit, who, in the hour of peril, had listened to the cries of his red children.

At length the Indian mother embraced her Narowna. Despair had frozen her vitals; but her child and her husband had come—the living tide rushed to her heart, and overpowered her feelings. It was a time when the children of nature mingled the dearest affections of their souls. In all their bosoms the lamp of hope had been nearly extinguished. Hope was now swallowed up in joy. They met round the fire in their cabin and experienced that happiness, which can be better imagined than described. But as Narowna recovered from the chills caused by her exposure to the storm, an unusual paleness was visible on her cheek. She tried to smile. She tried to feel like her overjoyed mother, but the angry tempest had shaken her little frame. She retired, but not to rest. The raging of the winds, the convulsions of the waters, and the shock of falling trees had made such deep impression upon her memory, that her sleep was unquiet. She in fancy, again clung to her father; she again felt the tossings of the little canoe. The star on the breast of the morning shone as brightly as ever. Nature put forth lovelier charms upon her bosom. The rising sun never before appeared to pour such brilliancy—now upon the waters of the Yalo-Busha—anon upon the dripping leaves of the forest. But the bloom upon the countenance of Narowna was not the early bloom of the flower—was not the ruddy bloom of health. A few days elapsed, and a fever had brought her to the gates of the grave. Violent paroxysms of pain agonized her body almost

beyond endurance, yet she was cheerful. In speechless grief her mother bent over her couch, but Narowna's mind was peaceful "as summer evenings be." The Indian chief, the father, had many times in mournful accents chanted the death song, but he never felt before what it was to mourn. Sometimes he gave a most passionate vent to his sorrow. At others he showed that untold grief, which mocks description. "My father," said Narowna, "I am going beyond the river of the west. Weep not, the Saviour who loves little children now puts a smile upon my face. He will tell me where that land is, which is the home of the good. His hand is soft, it will wipe the tears from your eyes. His words are sweet, they will give rest to your soul, for it is full of pain."

There is something peculiarly touching in the sorrows of an Indian. To hear him recount with all the glowing simplicity of a son of nature, the brave deeds of his fathers, the firmness of their arms, the impetuosity of their onset in the day of battle, the swiftness of their feet, the unerring certainty of their arrow when on the deer chase; and then to listen to his mournful relation, how the white men have driven him from the bones of his fathers, have cut down the wide forests, and destroyed their hunting grounds, and have, without mercy, burned the villages and murdered the red men, till their name has become as though it never was, is enough to awaken the kindest passions of humanity. But there is a time of deeper distress. Look at the Indian who has a beloved friend sick, or who has lost the child of his dearest hopes. He is moved at his very soul. That child is gone, perhaps his only child. Its cold body must be covered up far distant from the graves of the warrior. A thousand fears crowd into his mind. The grace of the gospel has never whispered to him its consolations. Some faint ray of celestial light may have penetrated into his forest, but it has only rendered the darkness visible. It may indeed have given him some indistinct notion of that far-off country, where go the souls of the Indians. Yet mingled with popular superstitions, a faint report of gospel

truth will only render him more wretched. Such are some of the thoughts which must occur to the mind, while contemplating the eloquent lamentations of a western Indian. Such *were* some of the thoughts of a traveller as he passed one evening through the Indian village Mahony. He stopped his horse on the top of a hillock. Directly before him a full moon was pouring her mellow light over the valley, and over the hill. A silver radiance was reflected from the Yalo-Busha. Its waters look smooth as the surface of a mountain lake. He listened. He thought he heard the cry of distress. All was silent, till again the piercing shrill of woe went to his soul! Advancing nearer the place whence the sound proceeded, he discovered that he had heard the lamentations of a solitary female. In the helplessness of grief she was reclining upon a grave. It was the grave of Narowna.

Down in the vale Narowna sleeps,
An alder marks her resting place,
Beneath its shades a mother weeps
For all is drear and comfortless

When saffron tints no more appear
To deck the sun's declining road,
When distant hills and woodlands near
Are drest in glooms and silence sad.

Along the vale, beside the steep
Where Busha's silver waves roll down,
With frenzied look, with anguish deep
An Indian mother's heard to groan,

"Narowna dear, my only child,
Why dost thou scorn a parent nigh?
Thou used to run, whene'er I called,
Thy steps were fleet, thy heart was joy.

Alas! Alas! thy lovely form
Is pressed by clods all hard and cold,
Upon thy grave full beats the storm,
For tempests fierce no mercy yield.

Thy spirit's fled, is fled away,
Beyond where ocean's billows roll;
No friend is there, no parent may
Thy coming greet in land of souls."

But mourner sad, Oh cease your grief,
Narowna rests in Jesus' arms,
Nor sorrow's plaint, nor pangs, nor strife,
Shall reach that land where Jesus reigns.

ARROWFOOT.

[For the Monitor.]

"The countenance will generally be agreeable in proportion to the goodness of the heart."

How much trouble is taken by many to appear what they are not, but what they ought to be in reality. It is certainly much cheaper and better to be really good and agreeable, than to be forever disguising one's character and conduct, to appear so. Goodness is cheap, useful, easily attained, and practised, agreeable to others, conducive of happiness to the possessor; and, what is more, acceptable to God. But hypocrisy, dissimulation, and disguise, are very uncomfortable to one's self, disagreeable to others, pernicious in society, and offensive to our Creator.

The countenance was, no doubt, originally designed to be an index of the heart. It is the natural medium through which the soul looks out, and the passions of the mind are expressed. Had man remained in his pristine state, and never been tainted with the guilt of transgression, there would have been no occasion for disguise—nothing to prevent the eye, and the countenance, which materially corresponds with it, from disclosing the volitions of the soul. Sin has produced this inversion in nature. It has clothed the hypocrite with sanctity that he may the better deceive. But by no means confined to religion, it pervades the general intercourse of life, and spreads itself through all ranks of the community.

This spreads benignity upon the face, while malignity is lurking in the heart—makes the countenance speak a different language from what God and nature designed it; and instead of aiming to possess real goodness and amiableness, which, unadorned, are ornamental and pleasing, is satisfied with apeing the mere semblance of them.

I shall not contend, that in our present state of being, it is useful or proper, on all occasions, either by words or looks, to express all our feelings. But, I contend, it is rank hypocrisy, and a perversion of nature, to pretend to virtues we do not possess. And, besides, even in a worldly point of view, often much is lost, and seldom any thing is gained by it. There is a language of truth and nature, which even a child will seldom mistake; and every deviation from it, or unsuccessful attempt to ape it, excites suspicion if not disgust.

It is extremely difficult for the most alert deceiver to be always on his guard. There are many barriers against success in acting a borrowed part. It requires confirmed habits of deception, and long experience in dissimulation, never to let nature look out. A modest share of knowledge of human nature, and skill in physiognomy, is generally enough to detect impostors, and often to discover the character even of strangers. The sagacity of a child will detect imposture. Who is not acquainted with this fact? In order to discover whether the parent is pleased or displeased with it, or whether serious and decided in a command or prohibition, where does it fix its eye but in the face of the parent, and how readily and truly does it read the feeling of the heart. Now, if all this is within the reach of the capacity of a child, one might suppose that impostors had little chance of success among persons come to years of discretion; and more especially, that few, if any, would be duped, who had experience and caution.

Still, however, thousands are constantly deceived, and will continue to be duped—the hypocritical and artful make their depredations upon society; not always because there is no way to detect such impostors, but because a large portion of society love to be deceived and

imposed upon; for it is not easy to believe, that all are thoroughly deceived who prefer the shadow to the substance—mere tinsel to gold; or, to speak more plainly, the mere semblance of virtue, piety, and benevolence, to these noble principles themselves.

But my design, in this essay, is not to condemn affability, politeness, good appearance, dress, and address, or any thing that may be comprised in that very comprehensive term, *good breeding*.

What is contended for is this, it is cheaper, better, more comfortable, useful, and honourable, to be possessed of real goodness, benevolence, and amiableness, so that the countenance may speak the true language of the heart, than, by infinite pains, and artful disguise, to counterfeit them.

PERDUE.

[For the Monitor.]

REMARKS ON POETRY.

The mind of man is capable of effecting great things. It puts in motion the bodily frame, commands its movements and directs its exertions. Employing the corporeal system as its instrument, it accomplishes works of astonishing power and magnitude, effects important changes, and produces mighty revolutions. Its more proper and peculiar efforts however are to be found in the pursuits of literature and the investigation of science. The particular branch of poetry may be considered as affording a wide and extensive field for the operation of the intellectual faculties.

The faculty of imagination is essentially requisite in poetry. The poet does not usually confine himself to the description of matters of fact, and the narration of events, as they actually occur. He transcends the limits which regulate the course of the historian and biographer—he enters the mist and obscurity, which surround the history of ancient days. The foundation and ornament of his productions are derived from the resources of fiction. To cultivate not only a brilliant but a correct imagination, to acquire the command of

restraining it within proper limits, of controlling and directing it at pleasure, is the desire and aim of every genuine poet. Without this culture and command of the imagination, the works of the poet must be destitute of that degree of instruction and those charms which excite interest and afford rational amusement. It is thought to be the business of the poet to please and amuse; but this ought not to be his ultimate end; it should ever be subordinate to the purposes of information and instruction.

It is acknowledged by all, that much pleasure is derived from the perusal of good poetry; though it rarely occurs to the mind, what constitutes this pleasure. Much of the satisfaction is derived from a consideration of the difficulties, that lie in the poet's path. It requires a mind of a peculiar constitution; such as is rarely to be found. This mind must be highly improved, and furnished with abundant sources of instruction—it must have a deep and accurate knowledge of human nature. Without *this* knowledge the poet would labour under serious disadvantages. His works would not be adapted to the benefit of mankind with so much exactness; neither could he so readily avail himself of the influence of the different principles of the human mind; and for this obvious reason, he would be unable to understand the occasion, variety, and tendency of their operations. GORDON.

THE IMPORTANCE OF HEALTH, AS CONNECTED WITH THE
GREAT BUSINESS OF SERVING GOD.

THE moral government of God over this world, is carried into effect by human instrumentality. Consequently, every act of man has a bearing upon his kingdom in promoting its interests, or, in retarding its progress. The fact that men are employed as agents in building up the kingdom of Christ, shows, that, with right affections of heart, the greater a man's activity in his pursuits, the more extensive will be his influence in promoting the cause of religion.

The bearing then, that health has, upon the business of serving God, is easily seen. As human instrumentality is concerned in accomplishing the designs of God; whatever is calculated to destroy the faculties of man, must be attended with serious evil. For, whatever might be an individual's desire to do good—though his learning, his talents, and acquisitions were great; should the machine be deranged through which their influence is to be exerted, these qualifications, so excellent and important in themselves, would be comparatively of little benefit to the world. Let an individual be sinking under the resistless grasp of some fatal disease, and his plans for effecting important purposes must fail—his system of means for supporting the interests of the church would cease. For the man, instead of benefitting others, must be assisted himself.

The more the subject of health is contemplated in relation to man as an accountable being; the more will its importance impress itself upon the mind, and the more will it be seen that a due regard to a preservation is one *very* important part of christian duty.

But, notwithstanding the blessing of health is inestimable; yet, it is often thrown away in thoughtless negligence, or in sinful indulgence. It is sometimes sacrificed to gratify an unhallowed ambition, and often in consequence of an inordinate attachment to pleasure. "But the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly." He who through any immoderate indulgence brings weakness and disease upon himself—who for the pleasure of a few nights' merriment, confines himself to the chamber and the couch, is justly charged with the crime of squandering his talents, destroying his usefulness, and thus robbing God and his fellow men of their dues.

And who that has ruined himself unnecessarily by any kind of excess, but must, if the moral susceptibilities of the mind are awake in an hour of calm reflection, feel the keenest stings of conscience. In a situation pre-eminently calculated for meditation to look back on a life spent in sinful indulgence to the neglect of duty, and forward to the retributions of eternity; must produce

a kind of wretchedness approximating to that of the impenitent in a world of despair.

If, then, the preservation of health is a matter of so much importance, every laudable means for its promotion should be duly regarded. In reference to health, proper seasons of relaxation may be made perfectly consistent with the best of motives. As the body and mind so sympathize with each other that one cannot suffer without affecting the other, that exercise and relaxation necessary to the strength and activity of both, may have the same bearing upon one's usefulness, as his actual application to business. And to the student, *especially*, so indispensable are such means to the bodily and mental faculties, that nothing but an error in judgment can atone for treating them with neglect.

That an unnecessary portion of time may be spent in gratifying an inordinate desire for pleasure, all must allow. The relaxation of some is, from an unrestrained indulgence of lawless passions which ruin the health and destroy all order and regularity.

So, every thing valuable is in danger of being perverted. Even the common bounties of Providence are constantly abused. Not only the drunkard and the glutton, but *all* who do not duly appreciate the gifts of Providence, are chargeable with the guilt of being servants to an unrighteous mammon. It is the abuse of blessings which renders them sinful. That there are amusements calculated to promote the usefulness and happiness of man, is a fact supported by scripture; but great caution is necessary that they do not become sinful by excess. A strict adherence to one principle, so universal in its application, not to engage in any transaction upon which the blessing of God might not be consistently supplicated, is a very good rule, on which to rely for guidance in the path of duty. G. F.

[For the Monitor.]

THE FIRESIDE.

It was near the close of an afternoon, in the early part of May, that a Missionary from New England, who was travelling slowly on horseback in a retired part of the Western country, observing the decisive indications of an approaching storm, began to look out, with no little anxiety, for a lodging which might receive him for the night. For some time, his wishes were vain, and he went for several miles, over the lone and unfrequented road in which he was travelling, without finding any prospect of a shelter from the rain, whose drops were beginning to fall, and from the wind which was fast rising, as if at the commencement of a storm. At last, however, the traveller emerged from a long and dreary wood, and his eye sparkled as the view opened upon a beautiful valley through which his road winded, and in a distant part of which, was pleasantly situated a farm house of unusually cheerful and happy appearance. The numerous and extensive out buildings with which it was connected, the fields around it, which were already, in a considerable degree beautified with the verdure of spring, the forests in the back ground, and the distant hills beyond, which completed the view, would have constituted an enchanting picture, had it not been for the gloomy influence of the weather. The injury thus done, was, however, more than counterbalanced, by the ideas of relief from his uncomfortable situation, which were associated with the prospect; and as he approached the dwelling, all the discontented thoughts, with which his dreary ride had inspired him, were banished by the bright light which shone through the windows, although day light had not yet gone down, and by the promise of comfort and enjoyment within, which was thus afforded. He was met in the large yard, by the master of the household, who gave him a hearty welcome, even before the Missionary had informed him of his name and occupation; these, however, called forth an additional flow of cordiality, and the master and his guest entered the dwelling together.

They came into a room which, as appeared from the happy faces of the family which were beaming there, and from the preparations for supper which were going forward, was answering the double purpose of kitchen and parlor. The mother of the family and her daughter were busy together at the back part of the room; in the chimney corner, were two children with ruddy cheeks, amusing themselves by drawing pictures upon a slate; a third was sitting near them, reading aloud in a little book, and a fourth, younger than the rest, was frolicking with the dog and cat, in the middle of the floor. These several occupations were interrupted by the entrance of the stranger, and all seemed to be pleased with the interruption; for if there is true cordial hospitality in the earth, it will be found at the fireside of an American farmer like this. The traveller sat down by the fire, and began to play with the children which he gathered around him, and warmth was soon restored to his limbs, and gladness to his heart.

The arrival of a stranger was, in their unvaried life, one of those remarkable events, which were deemed sufficient to occasion an alteration in the usual family arrangements; and a fire having been kindled in a front room, the traveller, together with the children and their father, resorted thither; the preparations for their evening's repast were soon completed; the children, in half-suppressed glee, gathered to their respective seats; and the parents and the stranger went to their places. The blessing of heaven was affectionately but solemnly implored, and the little circle partook of their food in gratitude and love.

The short evening passed rapidly and pleasantly away, at this happy fireside, and, at an early hour, the father gave notice that it was time for their customary evening devotions. The family collected their bibles and gathered around the bright fire, which was glowing upon the hearth. The missionary was seated at one corner; at the other, was the united family head, looking into the same sacred volume, and in front, the children arranged themselves together in pairs, turning their backs upon the fire, that its strong light might

shine upon the books they were to read. At a notice from its father, the youngest commenced, and in a slow artless manner, read one verse of the chapter,—the next, and the next continued,—the mother, the father, and the visitor took their turns, and thus they went round until the chapter was concluded. They then knelt in silence and solemnity together, while the missionary offered their evening tribute of penitence, thanksgiving, and praise. A few moments after the exercise was completed, the children came, one after another, to the stranger, and, standing before him, with their hands clasped in his, repeated some simple verses, and then the Lord's prayer, with much apparent seriousness. They then bid him and their father good night, and with cheerful and happy looks followed their mother from the room.

"You have a happy family," said the stranger, when he found himself alone with his host, "and you appear to possess many sources of real enjoyment."

"Oh yes, sir," replied the farmer, "I have every thing to make me happy, but it is to religion, to religion alone sir, that I am indebted for them all."

"I have no doubt," said the missionary, "that religion is the source of your greatest and purest happiness, but you do not mean that religion has placed you in the prosperous circumstances and situation which you enjoy."

"Yes, sir, I owe every thing I possess, to the power which the Gospel has had over me. Ten years ago, I was without God and without hope in the world, and I may say, without joy too; for although I was engaged, with great earnestness, in the pursuit of pleasure, I was, in reality, the most wretched and miserable man alive. I was then on this farm, but it was very far from being what it is now. I was an idle, dissolute man, and my vicious course was fast making my farm a desert, my wife broken hearted, and myself a wretched vagabond. My wife has always since my acquaintance with her, been a pious woman; and it is, through the grace of God, by her means, that I am not now a ruined man, ruined in soul and body."

"But how did she exert so great an influence over you."

"Oh, sir, by her whole conduct; every action, every word, every look was a meek, but powerful reproof to me. You cannot conceive how her eye would pierce my very soul, when I came home, late at night, from some scene of riot and dissipation. There she used to sit, in that corner, and when she rose to meet me, there was such an expression of grieved and saddened feelings, and yet such a look of mildness and forgiveness, that it always filled me with a momentary remorse and penitence. And sometimes, on the Sabbath, when I was sitting in a most melancholy mood, I used to hear her teaching some verses of the Bible to little William, and they seemed sometimes so pointed and full of meaning, that I was frequently disposed to be angry, from the suspicion that she designed to convey some rebuke to me in this indirect manner. But then I would soon reflect upon the perfect proofs which I had every hour, that she really wished my happiness, and then my unkind feelings would vanish away. I believe, sir, I could have borne any thing but this mild forgiving spirit; it made me constantly miserable; conscience soon began to arouse itself, and, in short, sir, it pleased my Heavenly Father, as I humbly trust, to show me my guilt, and the way of salvation through a Redeemer."

"What was the guilt which you then saw in yourself? the vices and crimes of which you spoke?"

"Yes, sir, I had a much stronger and deeper sense of these, but I soon found that these were not at the foundation of the evil; they were rather the signs of the guilt in my heart than the guilt itself. It was my heart, sir, that wanted purifying. I had before thought, that, although my actions were often very criminal, I could at any time abandon my evil courses, and I should then be as good as my wife, whom I always considered a pattern of excellence. But I soon found that there was something fundamentally wrong in the state of my affections towards God, and that, unless these were changed, I should never be holy or happy. I cannot describe what was my distress, when I found that the control of

these was utterly beyond my power. I was, however, at last brought to the Saviour, where I found peace and joy; and I hope he has commenced a work of grace in my soul."

"But how did you recover your affairs from their embarrassed condition?"

"Religion, sir, and industry, can accomplish any thing. I made the text, 'Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord,' my rule, and every thing soon began to go well, and you see how happy a man I am now."

Here the good wife of the farmer came in, and gradually joined in the conversation; the hour passed rapidly, but profitably away, and the stranger was then shown to his place of rest.

The wind was roaring, and the rain descending in torrents without, as the Missionary knelt down at his bedside, and poured out his soul before the Author of his being, in grateful remembrance of the mercies he was then enjoying; and as he arose from his knees, and prepared to retire to rest, he thought that all his labours, his dangers, and mortifications would be amply recompensed, could he occasionally become an inmate of such a family as that, whose roof was then protecting him from the storm. He was soon, like the other inhabitants of this mansion, sunk in forgetfulness; and the dwelling was like the soul of the good man in this world of disorder and wretchedness, surrounded with storm and tempest without,—perfect peace and tranquillity within.

The night and the storm passed together away, and the eyes of the Missionary opened upon the beams of a delightful morning. The wind was hushed, and the sun was breaking forth from the clouds, and sending his animating rays through the windows of the apartment. The traveller arose from his resting place, repaired to the family fireside, and joined in the morning devotions; he sat down once more to the hospitable board, and then betook himself to his journey. All nature was alive and vocal in the loveliness of spring, and the Missionary went on his way rejoicing.

PHALA.

[For the Monitor.]

NO. II.

Dear C.,—You will recollect my former epistle was on filial obedience. This duty I endeavoured to urge upon you by the consideration of your own personal happiness. Perhaps you felt at the time a secret resolution that this happiness should be yours. But when I reflect on the importance of this duty, and the temptations to which children are exposed, I feel that this duty cannot be too frequently nor too forcibly impressed on their minds. It deeply concerns you, my dear friend. Allow me to present another consideration to incite you to a constant and cheerful obedience to your parents—a consideration which perhaps you have seldom thought of. Should I ask you, if you loved your parents and wished them to be happy, I know you would answer, yes. Now, have you ever asked yourself the question, *how you can render them happy?* You say you desire them to be happy. What can you do to effect this? You cannot increase their property. You are not able yet to take care of yourself. You cannot instruct them—they know far more than you do. You cannot provide for them—they provide both for themselves and for you. What can you do, my dear C., to promote their happiness? One thing you can do. You can render them the most *cheerful and cordial obedience*. In doing this, you will not only find the highest enjoyment and satisfaction yourself, but you will render them exceedingly happy. What can be more gratifying to the feelings of your tender and affectionate parents, than to receive from you a ready and hearty compliance with all their wishes? In doing this, you will amply repay them for all their care and anxiety for you. And this is the only way in which you can repay that debt of love and gratitude you owe them for all their kindness. If then you have one spark of love in your bosom, one emotion of gratitude for their constant and unwearied kindness to you, how strong is the inducement for you to yield a ready obedience to all they require of you. Such a course of conduct will greatly endear you to your parents, and

render you lovely and amiable in the whole circle of your acquaintance.

On the other hand, consider how much you will disturb the quiet, and wound the feelings of your dear parents, by cherishing a contrary spirit—a spirit of ingratitude and disobedience. Every time you refuse to obey, you pierce their hearts as with an arrow. If you manifest a reluctance to comply with their wishes, you grieve them; the child who stubbornly resists the salutary restraints of parental authority, brings on his parent the bitterest sorrow, the keenest anguish. Such conduct, I am sure, you look on with abhorrence. And while you would shun such a character, be not contented, my dear C., with some tolerable good degree of obedience; but let it be your constant aim in this thing to be *perfect*. Let every command be obeyed without a murmuring word—every wish complied with, without any reluctance on your part. So will you be happy in yourself, your parents will be happy in you, and you will share largely in the love and esteem of all your friends

FILIUS.

[For the Monitor.]

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

AMONG those circumstances which gladden the hearts of christians, by their bearing upon the future prospects of the church; none shines in my view with a brighter lustre than the growing attention to the Bible. Missionaries have done much, and, I trust, will yet do much more, to rejoice the heart's of God's children. The same may be said of Tracts, and many other things connected with the benevolent operations of the day; but after all, it is to the law and to the testimony, to the sure word of prophecy, that we must go for our strongest encouragement.

In proportion as the churches, and especially the youth in our churches are familiar with the doctrines and requirements of the Bible, in the same proportion will

they be likely to feel interested in the great work of benevolence there enjoined.

It is worthy also of remark, that the interest in these things which is thus gradually, and perhaps imperceptibly interwoven with the forming character of the mind, is much more *permanent* and *efficient* than any other. Under the influence of a Charity Sermon the feelings may be excited, and very properly, in view of the wants of others, and their own obligations, and perhaps a liberal contribution may be made to the object proposed; but if these feelings are not founded on a familiar acquaintance with what the word of God teaches concerning the great duties of benevolent exertion, they will be but of transient duration.

Such at least has the case appeared to me, and I think such also is the experience of the churches. Now if such is indeed the fact, it evidently follows that those who are labouring to promote among our youth a thorough acquaintance with the doctrines and duties of the sacred pages, are taking the most effectual measures to raise up active and permanent friends to the benevolent institutions of the age.

Another advantage worthy of our particular attention, is, that those who are in the habit of committing the Scriptures to memory, can never be found unarmed when attacked by the enemies of our holy religion. The sword of the Spirit is always lying ready drawn by their side. They can always grasp it in a moment. Are they told how great and learned men have believed in past ages? They immediately reply, "*to the law and to the testimony*, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Are they told that the doctrine of divine sovereignty contravenes the justice of God, in taking vengeance on his enemies? *Who art thou that repliest against God?* is instantly suggested to their minds.

And so it is in every other case, where the memory is stored with those weapons for defending the truth which are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds. Whilst pious and intelligent people may sometimes be perplexed by the subtle

reasonings and evasions of those who reject the truth, the humble christian who has the word which the Holy Ghost teacheth always at command, will ever be able to give a reason with meekness for the *faith* as well as the hope that is in him. W.

[For the Monitor.]

BIBLE CLASSES.

YOUNG people have too generally been left without any special religious instruction; but a brighter day appears to be dawning upon Zion. The attention of many is turned to this object. The more they contemplate it, the more its importance is magnified. The nearer they view it, the more it warms their hearts. And as the fruits of righteousness have often abounded in connexion with Bible Class instruction, its friends and advocates are becoming more numerous and more active. Indeed it is an object, which at once commends itself to the approbation of every friend of the Bible and of souls. We have learned that a large proportion of the youth of Northampton have recently been formed into Bible Classes. A great readiness was manifested to be thus instructed. This will probably be the case wherever the attempt is made by the pastor.

The General Synod of the Dutch Reformed Church attest this fact, when in their last report they say: "We are happy also to state, that in many of our churches Bible Classes have been instituted for improvement in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures—that our more advanced youth are ANXIOUS TO BE INSTRUCTED in this manner, and that their numbers and zeal appear to be increasing."

This extract, however, not merely proves that young people are beginning anxiously to seek such instruction, but that the Judicatories of the church at the south are awaking to this object. We rejoice to find a resolution of the General Synod so firmly advancing into a

field where the Dutch Reformed Church had not before legislated.

"*Resolved, 3dly*, that it be earnestly recommended to all the pastors of our churches, that in connexion with the usual catechetical instruction, they institute Bible Classes under their own immediate superintendence for the instruction of persons more advanced in Biblical knowledge." We cherish the hope that this resolution will speedily bring thousands more to enjoy the inestimable privileges of Bible Class instruction. Nor are we willing that the churches of New England should be behind their sister churches in such labours of love. We are pleased that new measures have recently been adopted by them. The Suffolk Association have instituted the inquiry, "What can be done to promote Bible Class instruction." They brought it before the Pastoral Association of Evangelical Ministers in Massachusetts, at their late meeting in May, and that body

"Voted, That we highly approve of Bible Classes, and that this subject be referred to a committee, who shall be authorized to take any measures they may think proper for the formation of Bible Classes the present year, and make report of their doings, and also of their views relative to the subject at our meeting next year.

"Voted, That Rev. Mrs. Wisner, Green, Fay, and Wilbur, be that committee."

The Suffolk Association have since instructed their delegates to the General Association of Massachusetts, to direct the attention of that body to the object. Indeed it is the design, that systematic, organized, and efficient measures shall be devised and executed for the whole of New England, to give young people an intimate acquaintance with the oracles of God.

We are happy to state likewise, that, in an interview with the Rt. Rev. Bishop of the Eastern Diocese, we were informed that measures are soon to be taken to have some uniform method of instruction used in all the Episcopal Churches of this Diocese. May the divine blessing accompany these efforts, and many souls will rejoice through an endless existence, that they were youths in this age of the world.

[For the Monitor.]

Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy. *Exodus xx. 8.*

THIS command was given by God, on Mount Sinai, accompanied with thunderings and lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet.

How awfully grand and sublime must have been the sight—the Divine Majesty, seated on a cloud, and descending in all the grandeur of unexampled magnificence! So terrible was the sight, that Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake, and all the people that were in the camp trembled. But how awfully is this command neglected, notwithstanding it was delivered in so solemn a manner, by the Governor of the Universe, and everlasting punishment denounced against the transgression of it. Alas! how much is it neglected by multitudes, even in our highly favoured country, where we enjoy such distinguished privileges of worshipping God. Regardless of the divine command, hundreds and thousands convert the Sabbath into a day of recreation and amusement; neglecting the sanctuary, they turn their backs on the offers of salvation, and they debar their souls from the very means which God has appointed to direct them in the way to eternal life. Influenced by this example, others follow in their steps; and thus the contagious influence spreads from one generation to another. May all my youthful readers hearken to the voice of God, and “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.”

W. H.

[For the Monitor.]

SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

SCARCELY a month passes away without some valuable little book for children, comes from the press, which it would be exceedingly desirable to have read in every family of the land. Few families, however, can be at the expence of purchasing but a small part of these

publications. In order, therefore, to extend the instruction which they contain, to each youthful circle, and also to give additional interest to the system of Sabbath School education, libraries of these appropriate books are beginning to be formed in connexion with many of our Sabbath Schools. Should not every school in the land be favored with this bond of union, and these sources of profitable entertainment for many an hour of childhood, which may otherwise run to waste? R.

[For the Monitor.]

SINGING IN SABBATH SCHOOLS.

It is a pleasant part of the exercises of some Sabbath Schools, for all the children to join in singing a few verses in a familiar tune. For myself, I can freely say, no music falls on my ear with such sweetness as this. An angel in his flight of mercy from land to land, might linger to listen while these notes of praise ascend to Heaven. It is not a small matter that the lips of children should early be preoccupied with the songs of Zion. Many an hour of solitude would thus be cheered, and many a serious thought thus be excited in the mind. Seldom does the Sabbath morning return its pleasant light, without the words of the little hymn, which twenty years ago were treasured in my memory, are escaping from my lips. R.

CUSTOMS OF THE NORTHERN ESQUIMAUX AND DOG-RIBBED INDIANS.

An Extract.

“The winter habitations of the Esquimaux, who visit Churchill, are built of snow, and judging from one constructed by Augustus to-day, they are comfortable dwellings. Having selected a spot on the river, where the snow was about two feet deep, and sufficiently compact, he commenced by tracing out a circle twelve feet in

diameter.—The snow in the interior of the circle was next divided with a broad knife, having a long handle, into slabs three feet long, six inches thick, and two feet deep, being the thickness of the layer of snow. These slabs were tenacious enough to admit of being moved about without breaking, or even losing the sharpness of their angles, and they had a slight degree of curvature, corresponding with that of the circle from which they were cut. They were piled upon each other exactly like courses of hewn stone around the circle which was traced out, and care was taken to smooth the beds of the different courses with the knife, and to cut them so as to give the wall a slight inclination inwards, by which contrivance the building acquired the properties of a dome. The dome was closed somewhat suddenly and flatly by cutting the upper slabs in a wedge-form, instead of the more rectangular shape of those below. The roof was about eight feet high, and the last aperture was shut by a small conical piece. The whole was built from within, and each slab was cut so that it retained its position without requiring support until another was placed beside it, the lightness of the slabs greatly facilitating the operation. When the building was covered in, a little loose snow was thrown over it, to close up every chink, and a low door was cut through the walls with the knife. A bed-place was next formed, and neatly faced up with slabs of snow, which was then covered with a thin layer of pine branches to prevent them from melting by the heat of the body. At each end of the bed a pillar of snow was erected to place a lamp upon; and lastly, a porch was built before the door, and a piece of clear ice was placed in an aperture cut in the wall for a window.

“The purity of the material of which the house was framed, the elegance of its construction, and the translucency of its walls, which transmitted a very pleasant light, gave it an appearance far superior to a marble building, and one might survey it with feelings somewhat akin to those produced by the contemplation of a Grecian temple, reared by Phidias; both are triumphs of art, inimitable of their kinds.

“The hunters go in pairs, the foremost man carrying in one hand the horns and part of the skin of the head of a deer, and in the other a small bundle of twigs, against which he, from time to time, rubs the horns, imitating the gestures peculiar to the animal.—His comrade follows treading exactly in his footsteps, and holding the guns of both in a horizontal position, so that the muzzles project under the arms of him who carries the head. Both hunters have a fillet of white skin round their foreheads, and the foremost has a strip of the same kind round his wrists. They approach the herd by degrees, raising their legs very slowly, but setting them down somewhat suddenly, after the manner of a deer, and always taking care to lift their right or left feet simultaneously. If any of the herd leave off feeding to gaze upon this extraordinary phenomenon, it instantly stops, and the head begins to ply its part by licking its shoulders, and performing other necessary movements. In this way the hunters attain the very centre of the herd without exciting suspicion, and have leisure to single out the fattest. The hindmost man then pushes forward his comrade’s gun, the head is dropped, and they both fire nearly at the same instant. The herd scampers off, the hunters trot after them; in a short time the poor animals halt to ascertain the cause of their terror, their foes stop at the same instant, and having loaded as they ran, greet the gazers with a second fatal discharge. The consternation of the deer increases, they run to and fro in the utmost confusion, and sometimes a great part of the herd is destroyed within the space of a few hundred yards.”

UTILITY OF BIBLE SOCIETIES.

IN a town in Rutland county, during the time of an awakening, four families were found (in a part of the town which was new), at some distance from each other. Some in these four families were deeply impressed. They had between them all, but one New Testament. A lad was kept running from one house to another in this

circle of families, to carry their precious book. One family would keep it a short time, and then send it to the next, that all might share equally the benefit of reading the word of life. A minister found them in this situation, and aided them to a better supply.

THE MORAL GEM,

Written in a Young Lady's Common Place Book.

Malachi iii. 17.

'Tis said, the Chymist's wondrous art,
Can make a coal, a brilliant gem;
Grace CAN transmute the blackest heart,
To shine in Jesus' diadem.

To SHINE, the youthful heart aspires,
To shine, the word of God invites;
The gems of earth, th' etherial fires,
Are dim compar'd with holy lights.

Christ's gems, of varied size and hues,
On earth are polish'd for the skies;
Why *dread* the process GRACE pursues,
To make us shine when nature dies.

Dear youth, aspire, by grace divine,
Much to reflect Christ's glorious rays
On earth, in heav'n to brightly shine
As gems to 'xalt your Saviour's praise.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Indian Tale had been commenced so long before, that it was thought best to print the whole of it when the middle piece was received. In consequence of the late destruction of the Power Press by fire, the July number has been necessarily delayed, as it was before in type, but melted down. We are sorry to add, that several valuable communications which *were* to have appeared this month, are in ashes, some of which had been on our files for some time. Two able communications from Discipulus, were received too late for this number. We hope that he and other New York correspondents will oftener enrich our pages with their contributions.